

THE
RICHARDIAD.

1914

A

SATIRE.

Translated from a Greek Fragment
of *Petronius Arbiter*, &

BY

THEODORUS GRATIAN.

With Notes *Variorum*.

Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit.

Juvenal.



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The *RICHARDIAD*.

(a) *S* *ATAN*'s first-born, vers'd in his parent's skill,
With mind corrupt, and vice-infected will,
Hero in rapine, subtle in deceit,
Of evil studious, and in evil great,

(b) Constantly firm, unshaken, still the same,
Deaf to remorse, and lost to sense of shame,
I sing; fell furies, from your dens below,
Your snaky locks, and hissing horrors show,
And vice, (c) infernal goddess, hither rise,
While thy son's acts the shuddering world surprize, 10
Attend, while I the various scenes explore,
Tho' born in hell, of ill ye know not more.



In early years, when (d) instinct shew'd the way,
'Ere dawning *Reason* shed her glimm'ring ray,
'Ere simulations artful veil began 15
To cloak his heart, and hide the real man,
Soon falsehood seiz'd his early-tainted heart,
With her came *Fraud*, each truth-detesting art;

(e) *Falsbood*,

(a) This Satire was written in the Reign of *Nero*, a Reign so infamous for its enormous Vices, that it is no Wonder the Muse should dip her Pen in Gall; some Criticks have imagin'd the Picture was design'd for *Nero*, but as we find a Parallel made but in one Instance, I imagine the Satyrift lash'd at some Favourite who was so happy as to excel his Master. *Scriblerus*.

That this is not *Nero*, but one of his Creatures describ'd, a Manuscript that fell in my Hands has convinced me: Whatever of the private History this has inform'd me, I shall subjoin in the proper Places. *Bavius*.

(b) *Constantly firm*. Steadiness is the Perfection of Virtue, and the Height of Vice, tho' some have thought it impossible that there could have been such a Character, I only appeal to daily Experience to convince the contrary. *Scriblerus*.

(c) *Infernal Goddess*. I can't imagine why the Poet should make Vice an infernal Deity, there is not one that shines brighter, or whose Influence is more universal in the upper World than hers. *Hoey*.

(d) *Instinct shew'd*. What Sect of Philosophers our Author was of, I must plainly confess I know not, nor do I really know of any who leave the Guidance of Childhood to Instinct; for what I know, he might have allowed not a Grain of Reason with great Propriety to such a Brute. *Scriblerus*.

(e) *Falshood*, prime minister of *Vice*, begins,
 Opens the path, prepares for greater sins, 20
 Pregnant of mischief lurking she'll remain,
 Till rip'ning time brings forth her horrid train.

* * * * *
 (f) In bloom of youth, when most with daring claim.
 Pant in the course of honour and of fame,
 Fearless of danger, prodigal of life, 25
 Impatient rush and court the glorious strife,
 Or manly sports, for vig'rous prime are found,
 To tame the horse, or chace with (g) faithful hound,
 And all the labours of the sunny field,
 Brace strong their nerves, and (h) toil with pleasure yield : 30
 In gen'rous minds, while glow heroick fires,
 Lust join'd with rage his impious frame inspires,
 Oft have the stars his riots view'd by night,
 But hid in shame, and veil'd their modest light,
 Base grov'ling joys he tastes without controul, 35
 And with his body (i) taints th' afflicted Soul.

* * * * *
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(k) With him *Extortion* joins and stalks in arms,
 And lawless *Force* the peaceful World alarms,
 Like some dire monster of infernal brood,
 He joys in slaughter and delights in blood. 40

A 2

Gladsome

(e) *Falshood*. In the Original *παρρησια* Deceit, Craftiness; by Falshood I fancy the Poet means lying, which generally in evil-disposed Children is the predominant Vice; those, whose Actions have exalted them to the Gallows, generally in their Lamentations own this the grand Foundation to their succeeding Wickedness. Dr. Winstanly.

(f) *In bloom*. Far from shewing an Emulation among his equals in their honourable Pursuits, this Youth gave himself up to Debauchery and Riot, to support which he prey'd upon others, and as the Poet handsomely expresses, turn'd a publick Nuisance, a Robber. Bavins.

(g) The like Expression in *Horace*, seu *cerva canibus visa fidelibus*.

Scriblerus.

(h) *And Toil*. *Studio fallente laborem* in the same Poet. Scrib.

(i) *Taints th' afflicted Soul*. So runs a Line in *Juvenal*. *Atque affrigit bumi divinae particulam auræ*, Scriblerus.

(k) I can't but think this Description of a bloody, cowardly Villain lively enough, to wait for Darkness to perpetrate his cruel Purpose, and that with Joy bespeaks a Mind willing to enter upon any Wickedness, but a weak dastardly Resolution, Dr. Winstanly.

Gladsome as he when *Phæbe* hid her ray,
 And darkness lead the strangers steps astray,
 Eager of plunder quit his secret nest,
 And plunge the murd'ring poignard in his breast;
 With sons of *Ravage*, rapine-loving band,
 He rag'd unpunish'd thro' the groaning land.
 Like storms by angry *Jove* on mortals sent,
 Left tracts of desolation as he went.

45

(*l*) But *Ate* saw, and bound in iron chain
 Th' insulting terrors of the trembling plain;
 Tho' crimes her Vengeance often seem t' evade,
 Deeper it strikes the longer 'tis delay'd.
 Then for his sins gap'd wide the op'ning grave,
 And nought from death, impending death cou'd save;
 Then (*m*) self-tormented, rack'd with black despair,
 Ran thro' his curdling veins a chilling fear;
 How start the wicked from their fate when nigh!
 None but the brave, the good, can dare to die.
 He calls on (*n*) *Perfidy* to lend her aid,
 Quick at his call ascends the hell-born maid,
 Prepares her Wiles, displays her dark deceit,
 Shields off the blow, and turns th' intended fate:
 For him, his slaves in torture gasp their breath,
 And (*o*) curse his falshood 'midst the pangs of death.

50

55

60

Unhappy

(*l*) Some have taken *Ate* to represent Justice, others to be a Fury haunting the Guilty, my Opinion is that by *ατη* which in the *Greek* signifies a Fault, is meant the Punishment consequent to their Guilt.

Scriblerus.

This unhappy Youth after a course of Lewdness and Riot, finding he could not long support it, turn'd Robber, after a short Reign Justice overtook him, when by an unheard of *Perfidy*, he evaded the Punishment, by turning it on two of his Accomplices, who, as the History informs me, were his Slaves whose too strict Obedience to his Service was rewarded by a Death he ought to have preserved them from, much less bring on them.

Bavins.

(*m*) *Self-tormented.* Let the Villain escape the bolt of Justice ever so long, he is not without his Tormentors, *nemo se quaque fugit*, Conscience is never idle, and is the more terrible, as inseparable.

Scrib.

(*n*) *He calls on Perfidy.* Throughout this Poem 'tis observable that every Vice is a Personage, this adds to the energy of the Performance, as it makes it more lively.

Dicksonides.

(*o*) My ingenious Friend *Colley Cibber*, has had an Eye to this, if we can

can

Unhappy men! yours was the impious toil, 65
 You flood the danger, but he claim'd the spoil;
 Your firm attachment, to his service true,
 Was paid with death, long to his vices due;
 While him for greater evils Fate reserv'd,
 You suffer'd torments, which he best deserv'd. 70

* * * * *
 (p) Nor in such breast could tender passions move,
 Or pure affection, or a gen'rous love:
 By interest charm'd, he feigns an hallow'd fire,
 Sighs as in pain, and burns with mock desire,
 With treach'rous tears and deep-insidious art, 75
 Gains on the nymph, and wins th' unwary heart;
 The (q) paradise of Love, a wretched state
 Th' unhappy fair one found, but found too late;
 'Vain deep-fraught sighs express her inward woe,
 'Vain from her eyes her melting sorrows flow, 80
 'Vain beauty pleads with ev'ry softening charm
 To lay his fury, and his rage disarm,
 With impious joy he urges on her fate,
 And, 'cause she loves, (r) the tyrant prides to hate,
 Drooping at length beneath her load of grief, 85
 She sunk in death, and found a late relief:
 Thus heedless minds, the hideous fiends decoy,
 Insnare with wiles, and tempt but to destroy,

Thus,

can suppose him so much vers'd in the Writings of the Ancients, in introducing his *Richard*, venting Imprecations with his last Breath.

Dr. Winstanly.

(p) *Nor in such Breast.* After this piece of compleat Villany, our Hero made his Addressee to a Lady, who unhappily, little suspecting his Treachery, married him; as Interest was his aim, he no sooner possessed himself of her Fortune, but he endeavour'd by ill usage to get rid of her; the unhappy Lady after many Years of Pain and Grief, fell a Victim to his Rage.

Bavius.

(q) *The Paradise of Love.* Very fine, if Love has a Paradise 'tis a Fool's one, and I believe it the case of more than this Lady's, to have rais'd in Imagination a pleasant Scene, and have met with Disappointment; Pleasure is always greater in Prospect, than in Enjoyment. Hoey.

(r) *The Tyrant.* Nothing can express the Savage Cruelty of a Tyrant better than by painting him delighting to persecute one whose Beauty and whose love might and ought to soften him, this divests him of all Humanity, and ranks him with the most Savage Brutes. Dicksonides,

Thus, wretch, (s) fierce *Nero*, Pattern of thy life,
 In raging madness slew a once-lov'd wife;
 But ev'n in this inferior still to you.
 He murder'd one, you strove (t) to murder two.

90

* * * * *

Oppression and injustice join their force,
 Combine their rage and swell his rapid course,
 With these the wish'd-for (u) height of vice he climbs, 95
 And heaps th' o'erflowing measure of his crimes.

(w) An impious parent, by his lewdness won,
 With unrelenting rage denies his son,
 An only son far from his care conveys,

100

And to his lust the infant boy betrays:
 Oft the blake winds have roar'd around his head,

And the rough skies their stormy horrors shed,

His tender limbs have born the winter's snows,

And felt the flames, where scorching *Sirius* glows,

Oft has he known foul hunger's pinching smart, 105

While his full grief weigh'd down his drooping heart.

But innocence and patience leave their skies,

And to his aid bid (x) white-rob'd *Hope* arise,

Her flatt'ring prospects check his rising tears,

Allay his grief, and quell his busy fears:

110

Ev'n

(s) *Fierce Nero*. *Nero* with a kick killed his Wife *Poppaea*, a piece of Cruelty which could not have been equal'd but by putting his Mother to Death.

Scriblerus.

(t) *To murder two*. The Original expressly says he did murder them, *αυφονδε ειναι απηνυρα*, he depriv'd them both of Life, but as we don't find that the History mentions the Death of both his Wives, the Translator has taken the Liberty to render it that he strove to murder them.

Scriblerus.

After the Death of his first Wife, my Manuscript informs me he married again, nor do I find that he behaved with greater lenity, however, as it makes no mention of her Death, I shall believe the Poet transgress'd on Truth.

Bavius.

(u) *Height*. How prettily have these lines enlarged on the Motto prefixed by the Translator; whoever has read my Works may observe a good deal of this Imitation.

Dr. Winstanly.

(w) *An impious Parent*. This indeed is Wickedness in his most daring Attempts. An elder Brother of our Hero, who by his Birth-right enjoyed the Honour and Estate the other envy'd, had after many Years marriage a Son, but by the Persuasion of a favourite Harlot was induc'd to expose to want and ruin his only Child.

Bavius.

(x) *White-rob'd Hope*. Well may his Hope be clad in white, when grounded on Innocence.

Hoey.

E'vn (y) death was mov'd in pity to his woe,
 Rose up in arms, and struck the parent low :
 Now (z) with the cause fled all his cares away,
 And dawning joy shot forth a lively ray,
 Dark gloomy thoughts invade his soul no more, 115
 And (a) his joys heighten from the ills he bore.

(b) The son of *Vice* now rises up again,
 Designs new mischief, nor designs in vain,
 Boldly, when honour's glitt'ring charms invite,
 He rushes out in arms, and conquers right, 120
 Nor could the hapless youth resist the blow,
 He dream'd of happiness, and wak'd in woe :

(c) Thus, when the angry heav'ns with roaring sound
 Dissolve in rain, and drown the nether ground,
 Should chance the sun with watry splendour rise, 125
 The lonely trav'ler hopes for milder skies,
 When, lo! a cloud obscures the day again,
 And louder storms rage thro' the smoaking plain.

(d) Banish'd by force, the youth views distant lands,
 Sees (e) suns unknown, and *India's* burning sands, 130

(f) A painful life he wastes in slavish chains,
 While in his spoils th' exulting tyrant reigns,

(g) May

(y) *Ew'n Death.* How poet'cal it is to make the obdurate King of
 Terrors, always mention'd as inexorable, feel Compassion! *Scriblerus.*

(z) *With the Cause.* Sometime after the cruel Parent dyed; and the
 young wrong'd Boy seem'd to have a prospect of Relief, as it was his
 right to inherit his Father's Title and Estate, when lo! this usurping
 Tyrant interven'd, strip'd him of his Right, and made him suffer the
 rudest effect of unrelenting Violence. *Bavius.*

(a) *His Joys beighten.* *Horum meminisse juvabit* Pain is the Sauce to
 Pleasure, and we find the greater Relish in it, as we have been longer
 depriv'd of it, as absence in Lovers always fans the Flame. *Hoey.*

(b) *The Son of Vice.* Vide the Records of *Bellsbazzar Kapba*, who
 wrote of those times. *Bavius.*

(c) *Thus, when the angry.* This Simile is very well adapted to the
 Case, the Youth had gone through severe Hardships, had born a Storm
 of Affliction, the Death of his Father seem'd to flatter him with a
 little ease, a Promise of Sun-shine, when the Usurper step'd between,
 blasted his Hopes, and exposed him to greater Calamities. *Scriblerus.*

(d) *Banish'd by force.* The Usurper having seiz'd the Youth's
 right, to confirm himself in the Enjoyment of it, seiz'd his Person,
 and sent him as a Slave to Banishment; 'tis a Wonder, he did not im-
 brue his Hands in his Blood, and thus compleat the horrid Scene. *Bav.*

(e) *Suns unknown.* This alludes to an Expression in *Horace*, *Ter-
 ras alio sole calentes.* *Scriblerus.*

(f) Vide the Records of *Bellsbazzar Kapba*, *Bavius.*

(g) May *Fortitude* resign'd in ev'ry state,
 Support thy soul amidst the frowns of fate,
 May *Virtue* round thee spread her guardian wing, 135
 Hard-fated youth, and timely succour bring;
 Thy cause with 'venging sword may justice own,
 Assert thy right, and strike the tyrant down;
 Thy glories brighter from thy wrongs shall wear,
 As after storms the smooth'ning skies appear; 140
 To darkness thus the sparkling diamonds owe
 Their strongest lustre, and their brightest glow:
 While to thee, tyrant, thy own breast shalt tell
 Thy various crimes, (b) and be a racking hell;
 Vain from thy gnawing guilt thou fly'st away, 145
 'The horrid scene thy conscience will display,

When justice for thy crimes to death shall call,
 Contemn'd, abhor'd, unpity'd, thou shalt fall,
 (i) No Friend to thee his last devoirs shall pay,
 No (k) bard shall sing thy elegiack lay.

(g) How should I have been pleas'd that the Poet had liv'd to see the Completion of his Wishes: The History acquaints us, that after several Years astonishing Perils and Hardships, this Youth after a most providential Manner destroyed the Usurper, and recovered his Right, but for this, and several other Particulars, consult *Kapba*. *Bavius*.

(h) *And be a racking Hell*. This alludes to a beautiful Sentence in *Juvenal*, *Prima est hæc ultio, quod se Judice nemo nocens absolvitur*.

Scriblerus.

(i) *No Friend*. How melancholy a Scene must Death exhibit, when no friend strives to diminish his Terrors, if this stands good in the general, how much more frightening to the Wicked. *Dr. Winsta.*

(k) *No Bard*. Various have been the Conjectures of the Critics concerning the Poet's meaning in this Place, some have taken it to mean nothing but the *Roman VALE*, others with more Reason a Funeral Ode made by some Friend, some of which we find in *Horace*, let the judicious Reader decide.

Scriblerus.

I know not if it was customary among the *Romans* to have Speeches and Ballads at the Execution of their Criminals, if it was, I should imagine from the foregoing Lines, that he alludes to them.

Dr. Winstanly.

By the many hiatus's in this Satire, 'tis thought the Poet mention'd many other Facts of the same Nature, but from what have been related tho' few, we may venture to title his subject the compleatest Hero in Wickedness perhaps the World ever produced.

Scriblerus.